A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

What are you saying, mountain-brook,
And what does your murmur tell?
Is it something I may hear and know
Of Heaven above, or of earth below,
Is it tale of love or tale of woe,
You lisp through wood and dell?

What are you saying, mountain-brook?
Do you sing of forest glade,
Of pools with their silv'ry crystal sheen
Like a clasp of rock with a gem between,
Flecked here and there by the foliage green
From pine and oaken shade?

And what will you say, O mountain-brook,
When the shades of night shall close?
When the birds will sink in th' embrace of sleep,
You'll plash into pools o'er the mossy steep;
Through the night's long watch will you laugh or weep,
When nature is in repose?

I know what it is, O mountain-brook,
And my heart leaps in reply.
You are telling to me a Creator's praise,
And running o'er with your gladsome lays,
Babbling the tale in a thousand ways
To earth, and air, and sky.

And I learn from you, bright mountain-brook,
That a life of praise is best;
That a Maker's love is the only theme
To well to the brim of life's warm stream,
To employ the day and to mold the dream
With a love divine impressed.
—Louis E. Van Norman, in Boston Budget.

CHAPTER X.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

After I had been provided with food I was sent to bed in a cool, airy room through the open windows of which the summer breezes came laden with the sweet perfume of wild roses and red clovers. I was too exhausted to think or grieve, and within a few minutes after I lay down on the soft, white bed I was sleeping soundly. All night ng I slumbered as an infant with no hideous dreams and no nightmare of past or impending evils to haunt me.

I awoke quite late the next morning, but when I descended to the family room I found Mr. and Mrs. Cornell, my host and hostess, awaiting breakfast for me. They both received me with a free, open-hearted cordiality that was unaffected and which had the effect of making me feel perfectly at home at once. Mrs. Cornell asked me a few questions as to how I felt and whether I had rested well, but made no allusion to my past whatever. Ignorant as I was, I readily understood that her silence on that point was out of a delicate regard for my feelings, and I resolved to enlighten her concerning my past when the opportunity offered.

Shortly after I entered the room, the son, my rescuer, came in. He greeted me with the same cordiality his parents had shown, and, like them, made no reference to the past. His name, I learned, was Charles, and, now that I had the opportunity of observing him well, I discovered him to be what I should term a perfect model of a fully developed manhood. He was tall, broad shouldered, broad chested, sinewy, robust, yet not rugged or overgrown. His eyes were keen and penetrating, and I felt that when they looked at a person they saw to the bottom of the heart, yet they possessed a sparkle of merriment, and there was a softening light about them that spoke plainly of generosity and tenderest sympathy. I knew nothing then of Charles Cornell, save what I have written, but somehow I was impressed with the thought that he was a fit champion of the cause of the weak and oppressed, and that his sympathies were all with the poor and friendless, and his greatest happiness was in serving them.

My impression, I soon discovered, was well founded, for soon after we were seated at the breakfast table the father and son entered into a conversation regarding some local land trouble, by listening to which I learned that their sympathies were with the poor settlers who were in danger of losing their homes through the greed of capitalists who held mortgages on them. Mr. Cornell, who lisped, began the conversation by saying:

"How wuth the meeting lath night, Charleth?"

"It was well attended, father," the son replied, "but there was very little accomplished. The agent of the capitalists was present and he listened to our requests, but he gave us no satisfaction in his answer."

"Wull," exclaimed the father, "what doth he propothe? I reckon he thurely don't wanth to taketh the peopleth hometh from them, doeth he?"

"Well, I don't know," said Charles. "It looks very much as though the holders of the mortgages were not going to be satisfied with anything short of a full and complete compliance with the strict letter of the contract under which the mortgages were made."

"You thinkth they wonth, eh?"

"I'm afraid they won't, father. I have no hopes of a compromise being effected."

"Wull," cried Mr. Cornell, "why didn'th you explain to the agenth that the thettlementh would be ruineth if they wath held to the contract?"

"We did, father," the son answered. "We explained everything, and showed how utterly impossible it was for the people to meet their obligations and redeem their homes after two successive crop failures."

"Wull, what didnth the agenth thay to that, eh?"

"He had a great deal to say, altogether. His main objection, though, was that the settlers didn't try to pay off their debts and that the more leniency he showed them the more they would ask and expect."

"He'th a fool, Charleth. Doth he expecth that people can pay when they can't live hardly? How ith they to try to pay when they ain't got nothing to pay with?"

"I'm sorry, father," Charles said, in a tone of true sadness, "that the meeting resulted as it did. I am sure, though, that the blame of our failure rests chiefly on the shoulders of Si Anderson. He is the leader of the settlers, you know, and all through this trouble has taken a leading part. He has been their representative in their negotiations with the agent, and he was the instigator of the meeting last night. Yet yesterday he went to town and got drunk, as is a too common custom with him, and did not attend the meeting at all."

I looked up quickly when Charles Cornell spoke the last sentence, the idea for some cause possessing me instantly that Si Anderson was the man whom I met the night before out on the prairie. The fact that Mr. and Mrs. Cornell both turned their eyes on me at the same moment confirmed me in that idea, and I afterwards learned from Mrs. Cornell that it was correct.

"A fit man he ith to reprethent people," Mr. Cornell exclamed. "I'll tell you what I think, Charleth."

"What is that, father?" Charles asked.

"Why, I think that thuch advocathe ath Thi Anderthon ith a pothitive hindranthe to the peopleth cauthe. Thuch fellowth ath him doth the moth good by keeping their mouth thut. Don't you think tho, Charleth?"

"Yes, I do," the son answered, positively. "It would have been much better for the settlers in this instance if Si Anderson had kept his mouth shut. The agent told me after the meeting last night that he had about arranged to offer the settlers very fair terms, but that Anderson got to blustering around town yesterday, threatening repudiation and all kinds of things, and one of the mortgage holders happening to be in town and hearing the threats ordered that no compromise be offered.

"'If we make terms with the settlers, now, after hearing the threats,' said the capitalist to his agent, 'this fellow, and others like him, will give out the impression everywhere that we were forced to it, and the consequence will be no end of trouble all along the line.'

"I told the agent that it was wrong for the people to suffer on account of Si Anderson's actions, and he replied that he knew that, but before he could mediate between the debtors and creditors the settlers must discard such leadership as Anderson's and choose a representative in whom the capitalists could trust."

"Aye, thath what I thay," Mr. Cornell exclaimed. "The peopleth muth have a leader who hath more thenthe and leth gab. I tell you, Charleth, the peopleth thuffer ten timeth more from their fool friendth than they doth from their thocalled enemieth. I've theen loth of theth troubleth betweenth the debtorth and creditorth, and every timeth thereth a lot of thcalawagth who get in the lead and pretend to be great frienth to the weak and opprethed, and who don't thucthеed in doing anything exthept to thir up trouble. I tell you, thon, there alwayth hath been and there alwayth will be differentheth between the rich and the poor, and the rich, ath a clath, will alwath oppreth the poor; but if it wathen't for the blamed rathcalth who thet themthelveth up to lead the poor, and live off of them, there'd be loth leth differenth and opprethion than there ith."

"That's very true, father," Charles replied. "If Si Anderson and one or two other men had kept quiet we could have settled this difficulty perfectly satisfactorily. I did everything in my power to influence the settlers into the right movement, telling them that an adjustment might be made yet if they would change abcut and select a different man to represent them, but they refused to listen. They said:

"'Ah, you can talk and advise and be very moderate in your ideas, because you haven't any mortgage to pay, and you are not oppressed.'"

"The blameth fooleth," exclaimed the father with a little show of anger, "don't they know that the reathon we ain't got any mortgage to pay ith becauth we've already paid it? We did have a mortgage, ath big ath any of 'em, but we paid it off, and now tho far ath we're contherned the capitalitths can juth whithle with their opprethion."

The son soon found an opportunity to change the conversation, and the subject of the land troubles was dropped. I understood but little of the question at that time, for I had never heard it discussed before, and about the only conclusion I could form was to the effect, that men who followed the leadership of such men as the drunken brute who had attacked me did not have the slightest reason to expect success for their cause. I thought how much more sensible it would be for the settlers to choose for their representative a man like Charles Cornell, who was conservative in his ideas and demands, yet firm as adamant for the right, and who, best of all, had made a success of his own business, and was therefore in a position to inspire respect and confidence in the breasts of those with whom he came in contact.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE HAPPY WEEK.

Breakfast over I walked out to the yard and looked about the home of the Cornells. The house occupied a high position, commanding a view of the country for many miles in every direction. It needed but a glance to see what kind of farmers the Cornells were, for on every side thrift and enterprise showed plainly. There were no dilapidated fences, no nooks and corners growing up with weeds, no evidences of half-tilled fields; but, on the contrary, everything appeared to be in perfect order. It was so different from the generality of farms I had passed in my travels of the day before.

I had passed some minutes in the yard admiring the surroundings, and was on the point of returning to the house, when Mr. Cornell approached, remarking:

"Ith a fine morning, ithn't it?"

"Beautiful," I replied. "You have such a magnificent farm."

"Doth you think tho? Well, I'm glad of it, becauth we've tried to make it pleathant. Peopleth don't live very long in thith world, and they ought to live ath comfortable ath they can while they are here. Don't you think tho?"

I made no reply, for at that moment a memory of the past and of my old home came to me, and with a sigh I recalled the fact that I was homeless. Mr. Cornell noted the sigh, I think, for he eyed me inquiringly for an instant, then asked:

"Ith your home in the city or the country?"

"I have no home anywhere, now," I replied, "but I have always lived in the edge of town."

Mr. Cornell watched me curiously for a little while, and was seemingly undecided whether to pursue the subject further; but just then Mrs. Cornell came out, and to the two old people I gave an account of myself. They listened attentively until I had finished, their kind old faces expressing the greatest sympathy for my hard lot. Mrs. Cornell made no reply to me, but came and put her arm about my waist and I knew by that action that she believed me and was my friend. Mr. Cornell only said:

"Wull, wull, thath too bad, now. It ith thure. Ith too bad, too bad."

The sympathetic tone in which these words were uttered, and the tender manner in which the old mother caressed me, touched my feelings deeply, for I had not been used to kindness, and the tears welled up in my eyes and my heart grew full. I could not say another word then, and for near a minute we were all silent. Mrs. Cornell was the first to speak.

"I'm sure," she said, "that you are good and affectionate and it's a pity your life has been so dark. I know how to sympathize with you, dear, for I,

"YOU SURELY DON'T THINK OF GOING NOW?"

too, grew up without a mother's love." how.

"Did your father love you?" I asked.

"Yes but not as well as he loved his younger children. I suppose it is natural for a man to feel a greater love for the children of his living wife."

"He'th a rathcal if he doth," observed Mr. Cornell, half to himself, "and a fool bethideth."

I felt strongly inclined to indorse his view of the matter, but thought it better to retain my opinion, so said nothing. Turning again to Mrs. Cornell, I asked:

"Was your stepmother kind to you?"

"Well," she replied, "she was not real kind like a mother would have been, but she was not cruel like a great many women are."

"The wath ath mean ath the devil, Thuthan, you know the wath. The didn't roath you alive, but the made you thlave for her childrenth and treated you like you wath a thervant. Don't you tell me the wathn't mean, 'cauth I know the wath."

"Well, Aaron," said Mrs. Cornell, with a smile, "it has been a long time since then, and I have been trying to forget those days. They are not pleasant to keep in mind, and if a person can forget and forgive it's better to do so. When I recall what my stepmother suffered in her old age, and how she died, I can't find it in my heart to harbor the old bitter feeling against her that I once did. I'd rather try to remember as kindly as I can, passing over her faults and dwelling on the few good traits she possessed."

"You're right, Thuthan, you're right," exclaimed the old gentleman, tenderly. "You're a Chrithtian womanth if there ever wath one, thure; and if you get forgiveneth according ath you forgive, there wonth be anything againth you when the end cometh."

The loving, earnest tone in which these words were uttered made them extremely touching, and the good old soul to whose praise they were spoken was so pleased that her face fairly shone with happiness while tears of gratitude filled her eyes. I looked on the two plain old people, so quiet, so undemonstrative, and I thought I had never known of such love as they had for each other, and such generous sympathy as they had for mankind the world over. I had known them but a few hours, yet I loved them dearly, and already I grieved at the thought of parting from them.

I had no doubt but that I would be given a home there if I asked it, but I felt that I had no right to presume on the goodness of strangers, and with reluctance I announced my intention of proceeding on my journey.

"What!" cried Mrs. Cornell. "You surely don't think of going on now?"

"I must," I replied.

"Why must you?" she asked. "Is your cousin expecting you? She surely can't be, because I think you said you have never seen her or corresponded with her."

"She is not expecting me," I said; "but I must go on. I have no right to—"

"No right to stop here, eh? Now just hear the child, Aaron. She thinks she has no right to stop here. Did you ever hear of such an idea as that?"

"Well, we never athed, her to thtay, Thuthan, and I reckonth the didn't know we wanted her to. I don't thee what made uth tho careleth; thure I don't."

"Well, I don't, either," replied Mrs. Cornell, "but we ask her now; and she's going to stop here a week, at least. It will take that long for her to recover from her walk yesterday and the fright she had last night."

"A week, Thuthan? Thaw! thay a month. Thath more like it."

"Well, a month, then. A week is mighty little time, sure enough."

I protested against this generous arrangement, not very heartily, I suspect, for I did want to rest in that quiet haven of peace, oh, so much. The old couple refused to hear any objection I offered, but carried everything their own way, and in the end I was compelled to agree to remain one week.

Reader, I cannot tell, neither can you imagine, what that week was to me. It is an impossibility to attempt a portrayal of the happiness I experienced in those seven short days which went by like fleeting gleams of dazzling brightness. For the first time in my life I occupied an atmosphere of love. For the first time within my recollection I lived and breathed in an atmosphere of kindness. The old life of slavery and persecution was gone, and not a vestige of it remained to mar the pleasure of my new existence.

The contrast between the old and the new was so great that I could hardly believe I was in the same world. Where before I had been compelled to toil through long days of weary drudgery, I now had naught to do but amuse myself in idleness. Where before I had been urged to greater exertion by scolding words and cruel blows, I was now restrained by gentle threats and loving kindness. Where before I had known nothing but neglect, and my needs received no consideration, I was now an object of the tenderest solicitude and my wishes were divined and gratified without the asking. The change was so great, the contrast so marked, that I could scarcely believe it real. It seemed more like a beautiful dream, and at times I found it difficult to persuade myself that it was not.

The kindness of the parents was ably seconded by the son. He was a very busy man, I judged, for he idled at home very little, but when he was at the house he seemed anxious to add to my comfort and pleasure, never losing an opportunity to favor me with such little attentions as he could with propriety render. Nor was he unmindful of me when away, for often he brought me some rare species of wild flower or some curious plant of the prairie which he presented in such a way as to preclude all idea of familiarity or boorishness.

The more I knew Charles Cornell the better I liked him. In my esteem he grew more noble and grand every day. He possessed the same generous nature, the same kind impulses, that characterized his father and mother, and yet he was so firm, so manly and so broad intellectually, I looked upon him with an admiration akin to hero worship. It seemed to me his character was so noble, his bearing so grand, that he must inevitably command the respect and even the love of those with whom he met.

The truth is, reader, I had nearly fallen in love with Charles Cornell. I say very nearly, because I felt toward him as one does not feel toward a friend simply, yet did not feel for him all one feels for a lover. I should have loved him with all the ardor of my soul had it not been for one thing. I was in love already. Will Hanley's image was in my heart. For three years I had not seen my boy friend, and I was young when we parted, yet I loved him then dearer than life and my love had endured through the long separation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN'S INTUITION.

How a Berlin Wife Showed Her Presence of Mind.

In Berlin, not long since, a gentleman who held a small office under the government on returning to his home for dinner noticed that during his absence his wife had a pane of glass put in a broken window.

"Who put that new pane in?" he asked in an anxious voice.

She responded that Mr. Lauderbact, the glazier across the street, had put in the new pane. The official sank into a chair. He turned as pale as a piece of old tripe, and tearing out his hair by the roots he exclaimed, in an agonized tone of voice:

"We are a ruined family. Don't you know that the glazier Lauderbact is suspected of disloyalty to the government? He is a socialist in disguise. If the emperor hears of it I shall lose my position," and once more the official groaned in his spirit like an old horse with the colic.

His wife, however, with the quick intuition of a woman, was equal to the emergency. Seizing her husband's cane she smashed three window panes and then sent for the court glazier, who was, of course, loyal and in good standing with the emperor, to have the new panes put in. But for this happy thought the loyalty of the official would have been compromised, which is a very serious matter in that country.—Texas Siftings.

Australian Hospitality.

Australian station hospitality keeps the latch-string always out and says: "Come when you wish, do what you like and stay as long as you can." A writer in Scribner says that the Australian host places himself, his family and all that is his at the service of the guest—fishing tackle, breach-loaders, horses and servants. Such hospitality is rarely abused, though the writer mentions one exceptional case, where a guest prolonged his visit until it wore out his welcome. To one station came a visitor, whose original intention of staying a month was reconsidered, and he remained two. Six months passed, and he was still there. He enjoyed himself hugely with horses, dogs and guns, developed an encouraging appetite, and his host did not complain. After about nine months the host's manner became less warm, and at the end of the year he spoke no more to his guest. The latter was not sensitive, but lingered on for the space of a second year, when he departed and went to visit somebody else. During these two years he was never told that he had stayed long enough and would do well to go away.—Youth's Companion.

WARS during the last thirty-three years have cost 2,500,000 men and $8,000,000,000.

STOCK ITEMS.

When calves are fed in the same lot see that each one gets its share.

Provide a comfortable shelter for the hogs and maintain animal heat with a small amount of grain.

Where there is any considerable number of hogs it will always pay to grade according to size and weight before selling.

It is not common to find a farm overstocked with hogs. Generally with a little care more could be kept to advantage.

When a hog is sick, turn it out by itself, supply it with plenty of water, salt, ashes and grass or grain, and leave it to its fate.

In feeding corn to fatten cattle it will nearly always pay to shuck off carefully, break into convenient pieces and feed in tight troughs.

When cattle are obliged to go a long ways for water they are liable to go without a long time and then drink too much for either health or comfort.

While not usually done, yet it is easily possible to overstock with sheep fully as readily as with any other kind of stock and is just as much of a mistake.

Where a considerable acreage of fall wheat or rye is sown a flock of sheep can often be pastured all through the winter, whenever the weather will permit.

Indiscriminate breeding is one of the causes of lessened profits with sheep as it unquestionably lowers the quality. Breed as well as feed the best should be the rule.

Don't allow your stock to run down in flesh before you begin feeding. When the pastures are dry and bare and the fields have all been gleaned, your live stock needs feeding, even if it be only July or August.

At best, under present conditions, the margin of profit in feeding cattle is small, and every advantage should be taken to increase them. Selecting a good grade, giving them comfortable shelter and care, so as to maintain a good growth, are all important.

With cattle, as with other stock, one of the items necessary for profit is a steady growth from birth to maturity. It is, of course, an item to secure this at as low cost as possible, and in wintering good shelter is necessary to lessen the cost, for the reason that less grain is needed.

One of the principal advantages in keeping cattle is that a better opportunity is afforded of using up the roughness. To do this to the best advantage it is necessary to provide a comfortable shelter so that during growth, at least very little grain will be needed where a variety of crops is grown. A good supply of rough feed may be readily secured, and this can be fed to good thrifty cattle.

FARM NOTES.

Dampness in the coops is a prevalent cause of disease, especially among the turkeys and chickens.

In the fall is a good time to clean the trunks of the trees and in this way dislodge the vermin on them.

Poultry will eat almost all kinds of food that other animals eat, and some things that nothing else will.

Earlier gathering and better handling of apples will add to their keeping value and market reputation.

Common barnyard fowls will be much improved by using a thoroughbred rooster of some of the best breeds.

A box six inches high and two feet square, kept filled with clean, dry dirt makes a good dust bath for the fowls.

A small allowance of bone meal in the food will be beneficial to young fowls that are afflicted with leg weakness.

The principal advantage in cooking the food for poultry is that if the right kind of a ration is supplied the fowls will fatten faster.

A grower claims to be able to make more money growing grapes at two cents per pound than in growing wheat at a dollar per bushel.

The fall or early winter is the best time to apply manure in the garden, and among the fruits the rain and melting snow tends to bury the valuable portions in the soil.

It is claimed that grapes grown on clayey soil are darker and more glossy than those grown on gravelly soil, but they are not as sweet or as rich as those grown on gravelly loam.

Many people make pure quince preserves and a small portion of these will serve at a meal. But when pears or even apples are put up with quinces the whole will taste like quince, and to most people it is more palatable than the pure quince preserve. Sweet apples are best for this purpose.

What would be thought of a company of farmers who would consent to pool any other crop, hay for instance, as they do milk? And yet the difference in quality between poor, average, good and best hay is no greater than may be found in milk as delivered at any factory in the world.—Hood's Dairyman.

The Ohio agricultural experiment station has for several years been investigating such problems in wheat culture as the quantity of seed per acre, the depth of seeding, drilling versus broadcasting, the mixing of different varieties, cross drilling and the use of the roller press. The average results favor sowing at a rate of five to seven pecks per acre of thoroughly cleaned seed, and sowing this not to exceed two inches deep.

Notes.

The dairyman should have a good well. A good well is one in which the water comes in at a depth of forty feet or more. If beneath the bed rock, at whatever depth, so much the better—the water is sure to be pure—and in dairying, as in drinking water for the family, purity is the essence of goodness. Hence do not neglect to have deep, pure water. It will pay not only for your family and milking cows, but for the stock generally.

Strawberries will stand manuring even when the land is in a good condition.